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Oxford ACT:

A N

EPISTLE

To a Noble L O R D.

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Oxford ACT

IN A

EPISTLE

To a Noble L. O. R. D.

Oxford ACT:  
AN  
EPISTLE  
TO A  
Noble LORD.

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L O N D O N,  
Printed for JOHN MORPHEW near Stationer's-Hall, 1714.

Oxford A.C.T.

A N

EPISTLE

T O

Noble O R D.



L O N D O N

Printed for John Moxon, at the Sign of the Sun, in St. Dunstons Church-yard, near the North Gate.



T H E  
P R E F A C E.



A M apt to think, the vanity of a young Poet is such, he would no more write a Stanza on a Victory, or an easy Couplet on his Mistress, and not make a Preface to shew the Beauties of them, than a young Fop would appear in all the flower'd Ornaments of a Gold Brocade, and not display the fine Gentleman.

B

An

An Ambition indeed it is; but 'tis a wise, 'tis an inoffensive Ambition although it subject 'em both to abundance of Railery. Indeed, the Manners of the present Age seem intirely *English* and Good natur'd; I wish their Criticisms were so too. But when very fine Gentleman that has just stol'n an acquaintance with two or three smart Lines in *Horace* or *D'Acier*, and has Ill-nature and Learning enough to cavil, I say, when such a *Longinus* as this assumes the formidable Name of a *Critick*, 'tis an ambition worthy a Poet

to

to assert those few Beauties he really has, (or according to the more ingenious Practice of some Moderns / ) lay open his own imperfections, and handsomely apologize for being guilty of them. I am not so fond of this Trifle of mine as to imagine it truly Elegant and Charming, no, if the candor and civility of some Gentlemen won't let 'em be severe on the following Couplet, I shall think myself treated with a bundance of Favour:

*'Twas this, my Lord, that swell'd the Roman Soul,  
And wild Ambition Arm'd the wilder Gaul.*

For where, say the Criticks, is that beautiful Cadence, that Poetical Justness in the Terminations? Where that delicate and flowing Numerosity of the Periods that should strike a fine Ear. I only wish the Practice of these Gentlemen in this particular did not condemn their Precept; for in the Judgment of one who I believe was a Man of Sense.

*One Line for Sense, and one for Rhyme,  
Is sufficient at one time.*

*Hud.*

*Indeed*

## The Preface.

v.

Indeed, many are the Imperfections throughout the whole Piece, which, had I a mind to it, I cou'd easily observe upon ; but these I leave to the discernment of a good Taste, and a good Taste I flatter myself, will readily pardon 'em.

There's a Triplet which I think calls for somewhat of an Apology.

*Lo ! Heav'n-born Fame descends and stalks along*

*Pleas'd to attend when e'er the Victor's sung,*

*And raise the flagging Pinions o' the Poets Song.*

}

They are what the French call *Rich Rhymes*: Admirable indeed in the soft  
and

and florid Terminations of their Poetry, but the more manly Genius of the English Tongue will not admit of 'em. 'Tis a Liberty I can more easily pardon in another than in myself. But I am so great a lover of Sense more than Rhyme, that I should not have forgave myself, had I ended the Triplet, in any other way tho' never so beautiful in a religious observance of the Poetical Terminations.

To conclude; tho' some Persons may think me fraught with all the Vanity of a young Poetaster, if some richer Pens

Pens shall think fit to trifle away an  
Hour or two in the same Elegant Di-  
version, in adorning the same Subject,  
I shall gladly serve as a Foyle to the  
Lustre of a Diamond.

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Oxford

I shall think it to trifle away an  
 Hour or two in the same Elegant Di-  
 version, in adorning the same Subject.  
 I shall gladly have as a Toy to the  
 Gift of a Diamond.

Oxford



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An

Oxford ACT:

AN  
EPISTLE

TO A  
Noble LORD.



When Greece, my Lord, with tides of Glory  
Scepter'd the Nations at her Empire  
Freed from the horror of inglorious

The beauteous Step-Dame own'd her Kindred Stars.  
'Twas this, my Lord, that swell'd the *Roman* Soul,  
And wild Ambition Armed wilder *Gaul*,

C

Fond

Fond among Gods t'enrol their potent Name,  
 And mount o'er Alps of everlasting Fame.  
 For this the Chiefs th' embolden'd Youth prepare,  
 The Youth rush eager to the Scenes of War.

Not long did *Rome* Superior *Athens* awe,  
 Not long her Policies to *Rome* gave Law,  
 E'er Arts and well-wrought Policies o'ercome,  
 Bright *Athens* flourish'd in the Courts of *Rome*.

'Twas then, Great Sir, the *Roman* Hero shone,  
 When Learning civiliz'd the *Roman* Gown;  
 (For Wit's by Valour heighten'd and improv'd,  
 And Valour oft makes Wisdom more belov'd)  
 When decent Pageantries adorn'd the Court,  
 And fir'd Devotion in the ruder sort.  
 When Smooth-tongu'd Senators harang'd the  
 (Crowd;  
 And taught 'em suppliant t' own their Peace be-  
 (flow'd  
 When *Pliny* rais'd Immortal *Trajan's* Reign,  
 Whose Oratory God, whose Aspect spoke him Man.

My

My LORD,

WE dare not deviate from th' establish'd  
Of our Fore-Fathers, or their Sacred Schools,  
Since Gods and Heroes are come down to see  
The Buskind Muse of our ACADEMY,  
Fond to regale in all the Charms o' Poetry.  
For this our Theatre, a pompous Load,  
Shines like the Mansion of an Heav'nly God,

Hail then *Minerva*! hail thou glorious Morn!  
In which her Son of Eloquence is born!  
I see! I see this Favourite of Heav'n,  
To whom th' omnipotence of Wit is giv'n!  
Bear me, then bear me to the \* wondrous Man,  
Who sings the Glories of our *ANNA*'s Reign:  
Who Stars Enamels with Her radiant Name,  
Whose Wisdom swells the blowing Cheeks of Fame.

---

\* Mr. Trap, Poetry Professor.

Queen  
 Anne  
 or  
 cha-  
 rac-  
 ter.

Hail then Great *Anna!* hail belov'd of Heav'n,  
 Whose Piety demands whate'er the Gods have  
 (giv'n;  
 Fame mounted up thy glorious Name on high,  
 And boldly fix'd it in the *Galaxy*.

“ Had some fam'd Heroe of the *Latin* Blood,

“ Like *Julius*, Great, and like *Octavius*, Good,  
 Gave *Rome* such Joys as You to us have giv'n;

(Yours is the gift of P E A C E, but You the gift of  
 (Heav'n)

“ Loud *IO's* the proud Capitol had shook,

/ “ And all the Statues of the Gods had spoke.

But hark! the sweetly swelling † Notes conspire  
 T' exalt the Muse's and the Conquerors Fire!  
 Lo! Heav'n-born Fame descends and stalks along!  
 Pleas'd to attend when e'er the Victor's sung,  
 And raise the flagging Pinions of the Poet's Song.

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† Dr. Crofts and Dr. Pepseck's Musick.

The

The Heav'nly Maid her various Notes prepares,  
 With Heav'nly Sounds she feeds her ravish'd Ears,  
 For various Musick various Acts require.

Whether the Warlike Trumpet from afar *music*  
 Sounds all the Heroe and the pomp o' War,  
 Displays each Action, and each Scene of Blood;  
 Lo! here the Cannon graz'd, and here the Victor  
 (stood!  
 Or, the soft Lyre touch'd by a softer Hand  
 (Whose list'ning Strings dance to the sweet com-  
 mand;)  
 In flying Numbers sings the Pow'rs o' Love,  
 The sprightly *Danae*, or more sprightly *Jove*:  
 Such Themes are fit Embroid'ry of the Tongue;  
 Such Themes best revel in the Poet's Song:  
 For Love can melting Musick's Charms improve;  
 And Musick opens all the Springs of Love.

“ Thus did *Timotheus*'s various Lays surprize,

“ And bad alternate Passions fall and rise;

The

The *Persian* Monarch felt the Heav'nly Pain,  
 When Pow'rful Musick protei<sup>z</sup>'d the Man,  
 Thrice then he drench'd his Sword, and thrice  
 (he slew the Slain.  
 Not so, when *Venus* wanton'd in his Eyes;  
 The Monarch softly melts! and all the Heroe dies!  
 The Goddess brings a soft regale o' Loves,  
 Admires his Rapture, and his Choice approves:  
 Approve she must his Honour for a Queen,  
 Whose Virtue made the Monarch more than Man.

Will it, *My Lord*, your chaster Ears offend  
 (Since Satyr serves but Oratory's end)  
 Shou'd well-bred Satyr from the † Pulpit thrown,  
 Laugh into Virtue the deluded Town?  
 It won't I'm sure, — then Moderns let's agree  
 Once more t'engage with all our Bravery  
 Of Criticks, Beaux's, the shining *Galaxie*.

Who, as Mr *Prior* admirably paints 'em in his *Simile*.

“ In noble Songs and lofty Odes,

“ Can tread on Stars, and talk with Gods.

---

† Rostum.

Too often deem'd an inconsistent Herd,  
 Who *Damn the Laws* themselves have once *prefer'd*.  
 I speak my private and impartial Sense,  
 With freedom, and I hope without Offence  
 Th' *theirs*, my Lord, are Vices that demand  
 The pointed Thunder of your skilful hand.  
 Happy those Times when *Dryden* lives again!  
 Happy the Genius, whose *Good-natur'd* Spleen  
 Can lash these Follies more than smart *Luciliu's*  
 (Pen.

Thus have I sung those softer Arts that charm,  
 And speak rude Nature into beauteous Form;  
 Be pleas'd my Lord, th' imperfect Song t' approve,  
 (The soft Regalement which the Muses Love:)  
 And when Great STATESMAN, you advise the Throne,  
 Commend the ardour of the *Sacred Gown*.  
 If Zeal best flows from their united Pens,  
*Oxford's* most Loyal to the best of QUEENS.

The E N D.

Too often deem'd an inconsistent Hand,  
Who Dares the Laws that I have once approv'd,  
I speak my private and impartial Sense,  
With freedom, and I hope without Offence,  
The Laws, my Lord, are Vices that demand  
The pointed Thunder of your skillful hand.  
Happy those Times when Justice lives again!  
Happy the Genius, whole (and warm'd) spleen  
Can last their Follies more than instant Justice's  
(Pen.)



Thus have I spoke softer Arts that charm,  
And speak the Nature's peevish Form;  
Be pleas'd my Lord, th' imperfect Song, I approve,  
(The sole Regalment which the Muses Love)  
And when Great STATESMAN you shall see that day,  
Command the ardour of the sweet Song,  
If Zeal best flows from their united Tongues,  
Oursers most loyal to the best of Queens.

